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OPERATIONS
OF THE
BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN



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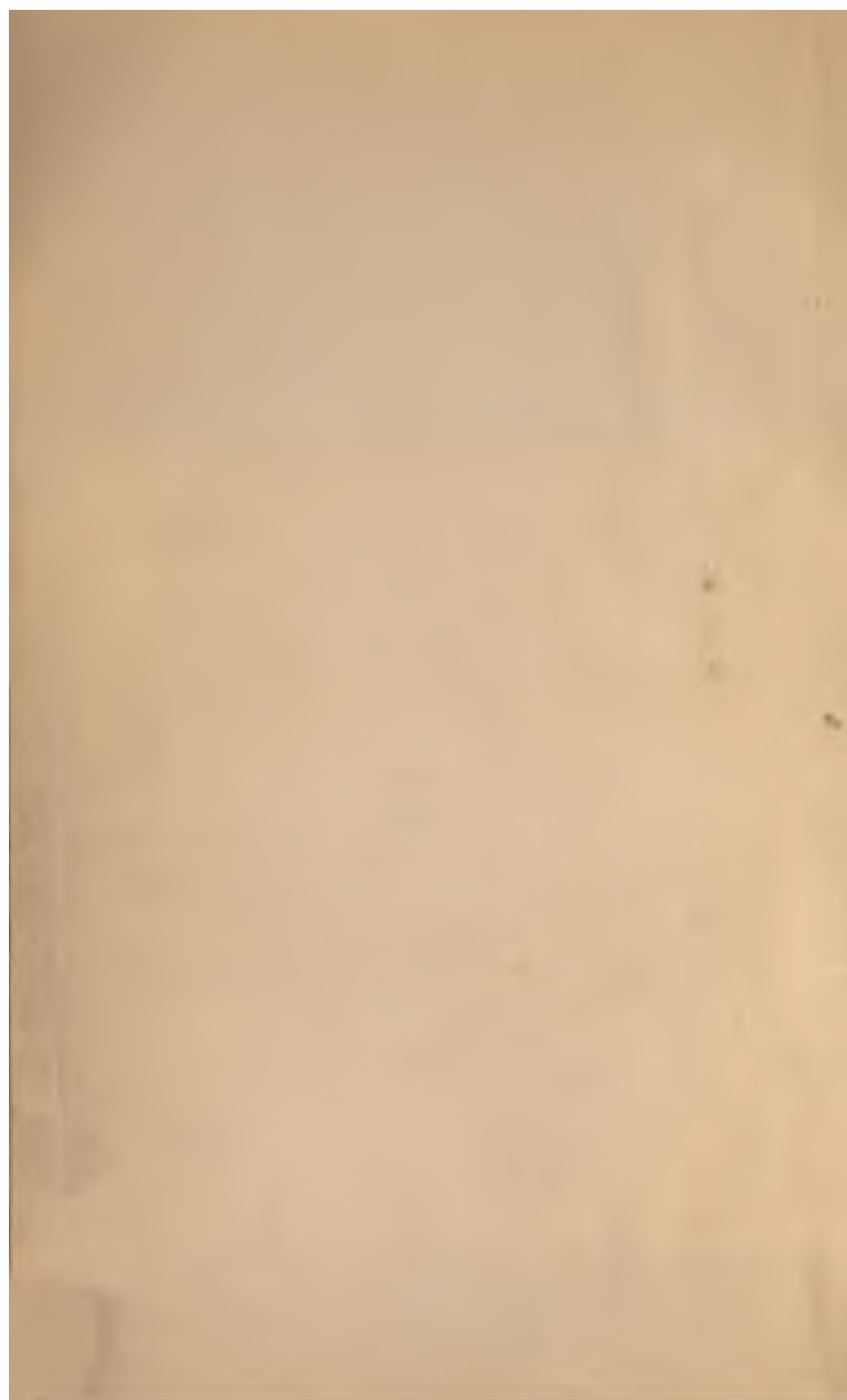


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OPERATIONS
OF THE
BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

OPERATIONS

OF THE

BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN;

INVOLVING
BROAD HINTS TO THE COMMISSARIAT,

AND
BOARD OF TRANSPORTS;

WITH
ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

*Quem virum, aut heros, lira, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? Cujus recinent jocosa
Nomen imago.—HOR.*

What *Don* or *Alcaide* shall we praise,
In this pyebald affray:
'Mong those who fought, or those who hoar'd,
Or those who ran away?

BY AN OFFICER OF THE STAFF.

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1809.

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PREFATORY IDEAS.

WHAT caused the recent expedition to Spain? Rumour. Which averred that the "universal" Spanish monarchy, would take up arms, as one man, to resist the usurpation of Napoleon—Was it thus proved? No!—Then Rumour is a measureless liar, and so far from being often in the right, she is almost ever in the wrong; the mischief she has perpetrated in the parish, is beyond human calculation to ascertain.

What made the late administration send Admiral Duckworth to break his head against the rocks of the Dardanelles? Rumour!—What made them send Mr. Whitelocke to Buenos Ayres, to manifest to our shame, and that he was no soldier? Rumour!—In truth, there is no station wholly free from her baneful sorceries; she infects the atmosphere we breathe, and our faculties are perverted by her malign industry.

Has she not wandered from policy to morals, and tainted the purity of the best orders of men? Had she not the cruel audacity to affirm, that it was a limb of the "Vice Society," who caused the late conflagration at the theatres, in order to catch all the strumpets of the metropolis, as it were, in two traps!—Monstrous insinuation!

In that whirlwind of false clamour, which never stops to pause, we are told, on the arrival of every vessel from the United States, that there is a universal commotion among the people, relative to the embargo, and that the measure must be abandoned; whereas if they would but deign to ponder for one moment, they must know, that although, in Europe, the Governments are every thing, and the people are nothing: in America, the people are every thing, and the Government is nothing; as the electors take the privilege, annually, of naming their representatives, and indignantly cashier those who are not honest in their aims.

We find by Mr. Canning's reply to Mr. Ponsonby, in the House of Commons, on the 28th of February, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not absolutely deny, that the Spaniards had refused to admit English troops into Cadiz; some expectation may therefore be reasonably formed, that the harbour will be opened to the French, although it is shut to us "their magnanimous allies."

It is this egregious, but formidable Lady Rumour, who bewilders the human intellect, by placing *correspondents on the shores of the Bay of Biscay*: who saw every thing, but what occurred, and related every thing, but what was true! She has literary manufactories all over the European Continent, in the wilds of America, on the burning sands of Africa, and among *the Gentoos of the Indies*. Hence those wou-

derful accounts from Washington, Bengal, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Holland, Gottenburgh, Petersburg, and Kamskatca. From those creative recesses, they poniard princes in Russia, and thrust Bonaparte into the viscera of a crocodile! Emboby armies in the north, and insurrections in the south, without permission of the parties, or the knowledge of a bed-fellow; and by way of amusement, transport a smirking nabob upon the fangs of a royal tiger. From these inflammatory sources issue those astonishing epistles, which are so greedily perused on the Stock Exchange, through patent spectacles, to the satisfaction of the *Bulls*, and the discomfiture of the *Bears*; and what is afflictive to relate, upon such frail testimonials, depends the ascent or depression of the mercury of public opinion!—What a boundless stomach for novelty has honest John Bull?

As Rumour knows there is an extravagant expectation among the vulgar, that Princes should be infinitely more than mortal; she has resolved, by the agency of her slaves, to make them somewhat less than men.—Hence have arisen these multifarious charges, which the many have embraced, but which contempt should have destroyed. She has opened a raree show for royal imperfections, in the *Forum*, which every one is compelled to view through the microscope of spleen! We can never be the apologists for folly, but we cannot subscribe to partial oppression, for party views.

Mrs. Rumour has now led us into a fabulous illustration about a Cock and a Bull!—He has swallowed two black crows, said Common Report: I informed you it was but one, rejoined Exaggeration: You are wrong likewise, added Curiosity, as I told you merely, it was something as black as a crow!

Thus it is with the Duke of York—he hath participated with a courtesan, in selling commissions of the army, roared Malice, and carried away the money in his coat pocket. That is not correct, added Detraction; I only said, that he participated with his mistress, in the sale of commissions, but not a syllable about the money. You are in error also, concluded Reason, as I simply declared, that his mistress used the semblance of his authority to sell places in Church and State; and thus it continually will be, while our frailties make us subservient to beauty, and the tender passion holds dominion in the heart. He who denies the truth of this position, is an hypocrite: and he who does not feel it, is less than a man.

When the Duke of Cumberland, who was uncle to his Majesty, was held in bondage by the rosy chains of Kitty Fisher, it was notorious that she sold commissions in the army; yet there was no preternatural convulsion of the earth! Madame du Barré used her influence with Louis XV. for the same purpose. The late Countess of Yarmouth, who was the presumed *chère amie* of George the Second, made a market of the

peerage ! yet the sun and moon kept on in their due course ; nor did Affectation run about the streets, howling *hic niger est !* But it now seems that the public morals are to be instantaneously white-washed by a deputation from the Whig Club, and Corruption is to be sent to Coventry for ever !

If any doubts were ever entertained of the unadulterated public spirit of that phalanx of *Patriots*, to whom the fiery passions are unknown, those doubts were removed on their admission to power. We are offended by the want of disinterestedness in men who have made no boasting on the virtue ; but we are insulted and offended, by those who

Hold the promise to our ear,
But break it to our hope !

In the better periods of British history, men argued from their principles ; they now argue from their subtlety.

What species of authority is not abused ? Where does not the current of vice prevail ? I tremble for the fate of my country, when dissimulation assumes the scales of justice !—Is not the standard of Immorality unfurled, and waving in every direction, more horribly portentous than the ensigns of Attila, from the toilette of the countess, to the cabin on the moor ? I have witnessed as much repulsion, in demeanour, and blasphemy in speech, from the smock-frocked lurchers of a village, as among the veriest ruffians in the purlieus of St. Giles ! The dissolute contagion changes hands in the social dance ;

running from the high to the low in *morals*; and from the low to the high in *manners*; in the issue of which, the rustic affects to be a libertine, and the Magnifico a hackney-coachman!—We might as reasonably expect a man to be uninfected in a pestilence, as to seek for undeviating purity in the agency of these times, when the attributes of a GENTLEMAN are sinking, momentarily, into decay!

LORD FALMOUTH AND MR. PULTENEY.

THE lucrative sinecure of Commander of the Troop of *Gentlemen Pensioners* became vacant, in the administration of the Duke of Newcastle: and it was promised to a gallant General, who had no recommendation but what appertained to his military merits, which were of the highest consideration to his country. Before the investiture had occurred, the late Lord Falmouth waited upon the minister, Mr. Pulteney, and the following conversation happened.

LORD FALMOUTH.—Mr. Pulteney, your servant. My services to the country; phsa! it is the administration I mean, embolden me to ask the vacant place of Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners.

MR. PULTENEY.—His Majesty's Government, my Lord, are perfectly aware of your Lordship's zeal and importance, but the situation in question has been unluckily promised to General——.

LORD FALMOUTH.—Mr. Pulteney, I am not a

man of many words; but you will recollect that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—I know that his Grace will be distressed beyond measure at being compelled to refuse your Lordship any thing; but the office being already promised to a gentleman who stands so high in the scale of national honor.—(*An interruption.*)

Lord FALMOUTH.—Mr. Pulteney, recollect that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—As your Lordship's merits are so indisputable, I will speak to his Grace immediately upon the subject. Almost every other *bonus* of Government is at your Lordship's feet, but this having been so notoriously disposed of to a claimant of virtue.—(*Another interruption.*)

Lord FALMOUTH.—(*In a more emphatic tone.*) Sir, you seem to forget that I have two boroughs.

Mr. PULTENEY.—Say no more, my Lord, as I will endeavour to make an arrangement with his Grace.—Here the conversation terminated, and the next day his Lordship had notice of his being appointed to the post of profit.

This happened during the reign of George the Second; and whether the perversion of right is effected by the influence of a mistress, or a rotten borough, we unhappily find that undue influence has ever prevailed, and, we fear, ever will.

We have wandered, in some degree, to resist and explain those pernicious attempts which have

miny, without examination into the substance of the allegation!

Many of our lords and our ladies are so imperfect that it were desirous they should be better. Yet where are nobility to be found, who are actuated by purer motives? We have travelled much, and have not found them.—Is it in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, or Petersburg, that you would search for their superiors in virtue? if you did, you would search in vain. It is lamentable that there is a universal declension of manners. But in actions that demand the sweet effusions of benevolence; when the bosom opens to give affliction shelter, there are no orders on earth who can run parallel with the British nobility! Were the frailties of the *many* placed on a proportionate scale, with the frailties of the *few*, the defection from morals would be more than balanced; but the publicity of rank, makes the exposure partial; and the censor cannot take cognizance when the perpetrator is not known.

Of the Prince, it may be truly said, that

He is a man,
More sinned against, than sinning.

We are not prepared to affirm that his Highness is immaculate; but we have the evidence of his life to prove, that he is intelligent, merciful, and noble. He has been doomed, in a long probationary ordeal, to open that volume of bitterness, *whose pages may have* “an understanding, but

no tongue!" Being too generous for suspicion, and too manly for subterfuge, he was circumvented by hypocrisy, and thrown naked upon his enemies!

Among those who have interested themselves in the cause of Spain, the name of the Duke of Queensberry, stands gloriously conspicuous. This nobleman, who is now descended into the vale of years, has also been prominent for his gallantries. Yet we find, when the tide of goodness flows, that there is none more willing to swell its divine stream with the tribute of charity! His recent offerings flowed in abundance, like manna in the wilderness, to cheer the objects of public bounty. We mean no disrespect to the rigid observer of forms; when we aver, that we should have more sincere reliance on the tender operations of his gay, but feeling heart; than on those puritanic orders, who are so eager to weigh the merits of the claimant, by a severe decorum. In the embers of his existence, we discover those traits of magnanimity which arise and sparkle in the face of heaven; and elevate the donor far above the pretensions of those iron moralists, who would tight-lace the passions, and make our best energies but secondary to the zeal of worldly discretion. Though his Grace may feelingly exclaim with Horace,

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ.

The recollection of his past joys has not soured the channels of his sympathetic soul. We do

not write this as an excuse for meretriciousness, but as a due qualification of the eventual tendencies of a lively nature. Then let the *grizettes* of Piccadilly pass muster without an anathema from hypocrisy, or the Tabernacle.

Thus common rumour is the buttress of malice, the nurse of journalists, and a common liar, from whose malignant influence none are exempt. The honor of a *Moirs*: the courage of a *Wellesley*; and the heaven-directed philanthropy of a *Rogilly*, cannot secure them from her empoisoned shafts!—She rests her lever, with cruel address, upon the atom of a fact, and moves a world of character from its just basis! She blew her deceptive clarion from the shores of Iberia, and called forth a nation to deeds of profitless adventure, before the premises of the engagement were fully understood!

It is with the view of tearing the mask from the face of misrepresentation, and exhibiting the actual state of the public mind in Spain, that I have published the following irrefragable testimonies. If they should lead to the service of my country, by removing its fatal prejudices, I shall not have bestowed a few hours in vain.

THE
BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have earnestly requested me to furnish you with as correct a detail of our proceedings in Spain, during the last unfortunate military expedition in that country, as comes within my power: Being attached to an essential department in that armament, I shall candidly lay before you so much as I deem consistent with duty, and individual delicacy; and I shall fulfil this desire with an increased satisfaction, in order to refute many incorrect statements which have been offered to the Public, through the Journals of London, and more particularly the Official Bulletins of the French Government.

We sailed from Falmouth, on Sunday, Oct. 9, 1808, at noon, with a fresh breeze from N. W.—There were 150 transports in company, under convoy of La Loire and Amelia frigates.

We arrived at Corunna, after a rapid and pleasant passage, on Thursday, Oct. 13th.—This was considered by all of us as one of the most happy voyages that was perhaps ever made, considering the numbers and extent of the fleet.

As all the Commissariat accompanied the army, we were compelled to suffer many inconveniences and privations, which would not have happened, had a portion, at least, of the Commissariat preceded the expedition.—No rafts having been provided to accelerate the landing of the horses, much confusion and loss ensued. Those noble animals were lifted from the holds of the transports, where they had been nearly suffocated by heat and fœtidity, and dropped into the sea,

“ Hissing hot,”

to make the best of their way to the shore: by which sudden immersion many became diseased, and were eventually lost to the service; which would not have occurred, had an authorized person been sent previously to Corunna, to make the necessary arrangements for such a serious debarkation.

Being one, among the very few, who understood the Spanish language, I made it in some sort my business, on landing, to walk among the people of that city, and ascertain, if possible, their real sentiments towards us. I found them reserved, and, generally speaking, unwilling to talk much: it was in vain that I looked for that enthusiasm which had been so loudly insisted upon by some persons in Great Britain. They regarded us very minutely, but this survey seemed to partake less of admiration than envy. The gay and gallant habiliments and plumage of our battalions, formed a

striking contrast with their formal and impoverished costume: and they frequently looked at us, and then at themselves, with no elevated sensations of delight.

But *envy* was not the only motive which impelled them to forget what was due to the laws of hospitality, and the sacred claims appertaining to supplicated alliance. Their *avarice* was a most predominant and disgusting feature in their character:—the attraction of British guineas had so far superseded their consideration for British friendship, that on the second day after our arrival among them, every article of subsistence was raised fifty *per cent.*!

Such was our reception at Corunna! And I have strong doubts whether many of the inhabitants would not rather have seen us in any other place. At any rate, there was no cordial welcome offered, but *tout a contraire*; and those who so warmly invited us to this enterprize, were either not sufficiently warranted in the measure, or else we displayed an eagerness in the undertaking not exactly corresponding with governing prudence, and ran forward with an offering of kindness too precipitately. I fear that the sense of gratitude in the human breast is often proportioned to the difficulty of procuring the favor.

Having discovered, by the 18th of October, that our confidence in the most material resources of Corunna, had far exceeded what it possessed, or rather, *what it was willing to advance*, Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, found it expedient

immediately to detach a confidential person to Oporto, to raise the requisite supplies.*

ROUTE FROM CORUNNA TO OPORTO.

First post—Hervas ; distance four leagues ; arrived at 7 P.M. Oct. 18.

Second post—St. Jago ; distance six leagues ; arrived at 8 A.M. Oct. 19.

Third post—Padron ; distance three leagues ; arrived at 7 P.M.

Fourth post—Ponte Vedra ; distance six leagues ; arrived at 2 P.M. Oct. 20.

Fifth post—Ponte de St. Paio ; distance two leagues ; arrived at 7 P.M.

Sixth post—Passed through Redondinho, to Pourinho ; distance three leagues ; arrived at 11 A.M.

Seventh post—Arrived at Tui, the frontier town of Spain, in Galicia, where they make the whitest and best bread in the world, and crossed the Minho to Valenca, the frontier town of Portugal, in the province of Entre Minho è Douro ; and from thence I proceeded to Labruja ; distance seven leagues ; arrived at 9 P.M.

Eighth post—Arrived at Ponte de Lima ; distance two leagues ; arrived at 10 A.M.

Ninth post—Came to Barcelos ; distance five leagues ; arrived at 6 P.M.—Passed through an

* *Quere.*—Would it not have been more efficacious, in every respect, to have sent to England, in lieu of Oporto, to have gained *similar advantages*, without a heavy discount ?

intermediate post, called Casel de Pedra.—There is a solitary inn at this place, where they make up for want of company by extortion, as they charged me two dollars for a breakfast for my servant and myself, consisting of boiled fish and onions, which they call *pescada*, two hard eggs, bread, wine, and fruit.

Tenth post—Arrived at the gallant city of Oporto; which is a dull, heavy, dirty town, with narrow streets, except that where the British Factory is situated, called *Rua das Inglexinhas*, which is broad and handsome,

REMARKS ON THE JOURNEY FROM CORUNNA TO OPORTO.

(*By a Confidential Person.*)

ON my arrival at St. Jago, I presented my passport, and received from the Governor, the most marked civilities, and proffers of service; in grateful return (as he expressed it) for the prompt assistance and generous interference of Great Britain, in favor of the dignity and political independence of Spain: and the fervor of his manner conveyed an idea that he was declaring himself in perfect sincerity of heart.

After my arrival at Padron, I ate a trifling supper and went to bed, but was awakened, at 3 A.M. by a violent shock of an earthquake.

which lasted half an hour. Every person in the inn was violently alarmed, and the practical devotion on the occasion was commensurate with the terrors it had excited.

At Ponte de St. Paio I found the best inn on the road, although bad is the best. It appeared, in the dusk of the evening, somewhat like the neighbourhood of Richmond Bridge, and the similitude led to recollections of the dearest interests.

As I passed the Sierra of Labruga, I was unfortunately benighted, and lost my way for a considerable time. My servant, who accompanied me as a guide, was greatly alarmed on account of the wolves and the superior fear of sleeping on the mountain, in a dismal night, without a supper or bed. At length we stumbled upon a swine-herd's cabin, the humble owner of which led us, at some distance, to a *posada*; which, wretched as it was, we hailed with joy. I presented the peasant with five reals and a pint of wine, for which he was extravagantly grateful. Our host had a fine sleek open countenance, with, apparently, a heart that corresponded with his visage. He was a staunch friend to the English; so, after emptying a measure of wine to the success of the good cause, I retired to rest in confidence under his lonesome roof, and never slept better.

The Governor of Tui, made me many ardent offers of service, and with an apparent sincerity of manner; yet there was a latent something in his eyes and features, which made me doubt him, as *to the extent of his professions*. His gestures

were too gallicised, and he became so outrageously civil, that I sometimes thought he was labouring to get to the windward of my caution.

The Governor of Valenca was less equivocal; he paid me but little attention, and that little was evidently constrained and repulsive.

The roads in Galicia, as far as Redonbinho, were in excellent order, but the remainder of the way, until I reached the frontier, was very bad and incommodious. That part of the country which is cultivated, and which, agreeably to my observation and information, includes about half the province, was in a fine state of agricultural improvement. I was assured by the public functionaries, and the hosts of the *posadas*, that Galicia produces, annually, more than double the quantity of Indian corn and wheat, than is necessary for the maintenance of its immediate inhabitants.

The general appearance of the people, and their habitations, is so extremely wretched, as to excite not merely disgust, but abhorrence! yet squalid and foetid as their forms appear, they are gay in manner, and brave in principle. The vindictive spirit which many of them thought proper to manifest against the French, *at that moment*, was remarkable. The common sentiment with some, was, eternal war with France, and no quarter to their soldiers; but peace for ever with Great Britain. If they had been less servile and mercenary, I should have given their professions of attachment, deeper consideration.

The peasantry of Galicia, do not exhibit the same traits of persevering industry, nor are they so well cloathed and agile, as the Galligas, who officiate in Lisbon, as city porters and domestics; but they are nearly similar in bodily strength, and muscular proportions.

ENTRANCE INTO PORTUGAL.

I ENTERED the confines of Portugal on passing the Minho. The roads in this country are dreadfully rugged, particularly the defiles of the Sierra de Labruga, which, for four leagues, are almost impassable. The country people seemed to be animated with some sentiments of gratitude towards the English, and possessed some admiration for our spirit; but on my arrival at Oporto, I found all those bad passions afloat, with which Nature has so strongly gifted the Portuguese. They were in a high state of political fermentation, much of which I am persuaded, had been artificially excited: those among them who were not well affected towards us, had seized the pretext of the unhappy capitulation of Cintra, to vent the most splenetic and outrageous reflections on the British character, and to shew their real disposition towards us. The undeviating protection that we have shewn them, and the streams of blood that we have heroically shed in the *defence of their independence*, were all obliterated,

or charged to sinister motives on our part; and when I opened the nature of my imperative commission, I soon found that they were actuated by a groveling principle of selfishness which dominated over every other suggestion, and extinguished every sentiment of magnanimity in their narrow hearts.

When the amiable merchants of Oporto found that I had Government bills, they advanced the course of exchange from 68 to 70.—Sir Robert Wilson being in the country, I waited for his return to the city, to open a negotiation with the Bishop of Oporto, who had £56,000 sterling, of British money in his possession. On the return of Sir Robert, from the country, he applied to the Right Reverend Prelate for £20,000, with an offer to replace it in specie; but after an ineffectual negotiation and consultation of ten days, and a reference to the Junta at Lisbon, he condescended to let us have £10,000 of our own money, and that was all we could procure by argument or intercession. From all these circumstances it may be clearly inferred, that the ruling party in Portugal, were not *too ready* to further our object in Spain.

Knowing the necessity that appertained to the fulfilment of my commission, I was seriously concerned to behold the trifling obstacles which the Bishop threw in my way: but while I remained at Oporto, the Semiramis frigate arrived at Corunna, from England, with a large sum of money for the Spanish Junta; of which, Sir David Baird

took £40,000 for the use of his troops ; in consequence of which, I left the £10,000 raised at Oporto for the service of Sir John Moore's army.

November 18, 1808.—After my return from Oporto, strong impressions of what the army would suffer, were forced upon the reflecting mind before we quitted Corunna, by the obvious want of alacrity in the Junta ; and the extreme acts of extortion practised by the inhabitants, immediately on the arrival of the troops ; proved that it would have been a prudent arrangement to have sent over the Commissariat, and other officers of the Staff, the moment the Expedition had been determined upon by the Government. A double advantage would in fact have accrued by their preceding the army by three weeks or a month ; for every requisite preparation might have been made for prompt disembarkation on the convoy's reaching the port, which would have spared our soldiers the disappointment and chagrin they experienced, by remaining on board in the harbour, a fortnight. During which period they were chewing the cud of mortification, and imbibing opinions not very favorable to the zeal or honor of our most magnanimous allies, with whom they were destined to co-operate. And this time might have been employed to the advancement of more precious purposes, and much more to the gratification of our troops, (for never were spirits more ardently inclined to spring to mortal opposition with their country's foes,) and a saving of at least 50 *per cent.*

ight have been effected on every contract it was

necessary to make, if that is not a point beneath consideration. In some articles this saving might have been much more; as for instance, in the purchases of horses or mules—a week before the English arrived at Corunna, good horses were sold from 25 to 30 dollars each, which ten days after could not be purchased by an *Englishman*, for less than 60 or 70! and mules of 40 dollars value with the Spaniards, were not to be purchased by us, under 100; and from that to 110, 120, 130, 140, and even 150, ascending usually in such proportion as they found the English foible dominate in their customer; and upon which they seemed to calculate with great exactness, as by a settled rule.

Though we might, from this little intercourse, feel inclined to deny them the possession of any positive virtues, candour obliges us to confess, that in systems of craft, we doubt whether the air of Duke's Place could sublime them into keener refinement! When bargaining with them, they exerted all their energies to convince us that they were guided, not only by true disinterestedness, but by the most fervent gratitude to the adored allies whom Heaven had sent to their aid in a moment of severe affliction; and that were it not for their galling poverty they should feel proud in presenting to us, and honored! by our accepting, the animals we were willing to buy. They carried this strain of protestation to such an height, that some of us had the sagacity to perceive that

they were sporting with our credulity, while they plundered our purses. As the hyperbolical tendencies of their language and idiom is a strong proof (though the only one they possess,) of their assimilation to the French character, it is to be hoped we shall no longer be outraged by hearing their bombastic effusions characterised by the epithets of nervous diction and refined composition.

It may perhaps not be amiss, by way of illustrating the general propensity to this vile deceit, to submit the perusal of a letter, produced by the following circumstance:—A Gentleman of the Staff, wishing to save time and money in the purchase of a horse, hurried on shore to Corunna, among the first who were permitted to land; he soon met with a Spaniard who had two ponies to dispose of, one of a tolerable size, and which he thought would suit him; the other was so much too small as to have been put at once out of the question of purchase. After a little haggling, a bargain was struck for fourteen dollars; but the gentleman, on applying to his pocket, found he had in his haste to get on "*terra firma*," forgot the grand *desideratum*. The Spaniard, however, (who carried on the business of a sadler and horse-dealer) with much politeness and hospitality observed, "That the matter could be as well arranged on the next day, and that in the mean time the horse should remain in his stable at free bait." The gentleman hugging himself on his *nice bargain*, failed not to return early on the ensuing

morning, in order to pay for his pretty palfrey, and go off in triumph : but mark the sad effects of not dealing for ready money !—The Spaniard, in the course of the preceding evening, had been informed that the market for horses might be much raised, and that in a few days they would fetch any price, as Englishmen had a great deal more money than wit. He therefore took his party, and when Mr. Bull arrived, out of breath, impatiently exclaiming, “ Now, Mr. Don what’s-your-name, you pink of Patriots, here’s your rhino ; bring out the high-flyer, and, by St. Patrick, I’m off like a shot.” “ Si, Senhor, si Senhor,” replied the Galician knave, grinning in his face, with that sort of satisfaction which is expressed by the features of our highly-cultivated British youth, when on the point of accomplishing a *grand hoax*—“ Si Senhor,” continued he, walking very demurely into the stable, and, with all becoming gravity, returned with a substitute for the Englishman’s bargain, who roared out—“ Why, Don Devilton, or Don Diego, or what’s your cursed name, that’s not my horse, that’s the little one.—Come, Sir, none of your tricks upon travellers ; bring out the identical horse, or ——.” To cut the story short, the saddle-making Don, had by some fatality acquired so firm a conviction that this little *garron* was the horse he had recently sold, that he swore to the fact by the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints in the calendar ; and as there was no making him give up the point, though the insinuating flourishes of a

horsewhip were brought in aid of the argument, Mr. Bull departed highly indignant. Shortly after he had arrived at his lodgings, the following Spanish letter was presented to him:—

(A Literal Translation.)

“ Generous Englishman, and

“ Magnanimous Ally,

“ My soul is deeply wounded by the perception that you have allowed the malign eye of distrust to glance at my honor! I assure you, on the word of a Spaniard!—nay, a Patriot’s! that it was not the largest of the little horses, but the smallest of them, on which I affixed the price of 14 dollars; the other is an invaluable horse, notwithstanding his size, he will go 10 leagues a-day, and gallop all the way. I have a friend who wishes to purchase him, he offers me 55 dollars for him, but as I consider the obligation of serving our dear allies, who have crossed the ocean to succour us, as a duty paramount to every other moral tie, he shall be at your service for 50. And as an additional proof of my great veneration for you, I shall beg permission to present you a saddle and bridle, worth 10 dollars at least; so that, by this means, I shall make a sacrifice of 15 dollars, purely to convince you of the wrong I suffered in the suspicion that I could be capable of taking an undue

advantage of the liberal disposition of an Englishman, and what is more, an ally, deserving all my gratitude.

“ Noble Sir, I kiss your hands,

“ And may you live many years, to be served by,

“ Your obsequious servant,

“ DON PEDRO VELASQUEZ DE MERIDA.”

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Englishman treated this inflated epistle with the contempt it merited ; but it may not be quite useless to observe, that Don Pedro had not been much mistaken in regard to the English character, as in a very few days he sold his two ponies for 90 dollars !—When shall we cease to be the dupes of the rest of the world ?

Before quitting the subject of horses and mules, it may be proper to relate another instance of British munificence, or ostentation, leaving the public to decide as to its real characteristic:—Lord H—— wished to procure the finest mules in Corunna, to which end, he caused it to be notified in the city, that he would pay any price that might be demanded ; in consequence he was charged 300 dollars per mule, for such as he might have had, by doing the thing quietly, for half the money at farthest. This *dash* did a great injury to Government and individuals, as the market could never afterwards be brought down to any thing like a moderate standard. Surely, such conduct as

this deserves to be laid open to reprehension, more particularly as his Lordship will, most likely, be one of the first to decry the ruinous expences of the expedition.

On the 16th November 1808, we were ordered to proceed towards Astorga to join head-quarters; we were overtaken at Betanzos by Lord Paget, who directed an officer, (by order of Deputy Commissary-General Coope,) to accompany or precede the first division of the cavalry, consisting of 300 of the 7th Light Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Kerrison.

On the 19th of November, while at Betanzos, Lord Paget arrived, full of anxiety and effort, to press the cavalry forward; his zeal for the cause, induced him to be rather severe on the Commissariat. The people were truly provoking, and in such a state of apathy and indolence, that even money failed in stimulating them to exertion; bluster and violence were the only methods to bring them into any thing like efficient action; but as to exhibiting any signs of friendship towards us, it was assuredly out of the question.

On our arrival at Castilliana, the army began to have a true specimen of winter campaigning in Galicia; as the only quarters for officers and men, at this place, were barns, hovels, and stables, which, having a plentiful number of apertures in the roofs, &c. let in the rain, which then was falling in torrents. The straw on which they slept, was so thoroughly drenched, that every man became eager for the hour of march, to keep his be-

numbed joints in play, with the hope of not losing the use of them, which; however, many of them in the course of a few days did.

An Officer, who arrived late at night, and who, from want of room at the officers' quarters, was put in a hovel with seven dragoons, gives the following sketch of it:—The building was about 40 feet in length and 14 in breadth, occupied at one end by the Spanish family, consisting of three generations, and comprising nine persons, five of whom were children, in almost a state of nature. The others were covered with rags, and much more indebted to the filth with which they were besmeared for keeping them from the inclemency of the weather, than to the texture of their gaberdines. This groupe sat in a semicircle before a blazing fire of wood, made on the ground, the smoke from which ascended on a voyage of discovery among the tiles, to procure egress; but effected it by such slow degrees, that there usually remained enough behind to blind the inmates of the hovel, and keep them in a constant cough: the other portion of the fire-hearth was taken up by the dragoons, who were accommodated with a wooden bench, on which they sat amusing themselves with abusing the French, and drinking the King's health in *vin éventé*. In a nook, near the fire, were three pigs, and the two youngest children had insinuated themselves close up to the animals, and were snoring and sleeping with them.

The other extremity of the hovel served as a stable for the dragoons' horses, and three others, belong-

ing to the officers ; a small space in the mid-way remained unoccupied, exactly fronting the door, behind which a poney of the peasant's was fastened, on this spot a luxurious bed of clean straw was made for the officer, who slept very soundly on it, until he was awakened in rather a rude manner, by some one invading his couch ; but this little alarm soon subsided, on his finding, by manual scrutiny, (for then all was darkness) that it was only the family poney, who had broken his halter, and stole to bed to him ; but, as the immortal Shakespear says,

“ Necessity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.”

On the 29th, we arrived at Lugo. This place had been better named “ *lodo*,” or mud ; for never sure was there a more complete receptacle of congregated and obnoxious dirt. The troops were, however, tolerably well off here, both in regard to quarters and provisions, and the officers were well lodged, and treated with much hospitality by several of the most respectable inhabitants. To many of our officers the mention of “ *Las de Prado*,” will recal grateful recollections ; and it is but a just tribute to benevolence and urbanity that the name of this amiable family should be recorded, as pre-eminent in kindness and attention to the British army.

It would have pleased me to have been enabled to pass the same compliment on the Spaniards in general, but it is too well known by the troops, that they have not deserved one eulogium from us. *For though the conciliating manners wisely*

dictated by general orders, were closely adhered to in the commencement, by the troops, and that they evinced the best disposition to act regularly: no bearing (unless accompanied with menace or force,) could induce the Gallicians to bring forward supplies with alacrity, even when paid at the most exorbitant rate for them. They seemed sulky, reluctant, and dissatisfied, when the intreaty was accompanied by an almost limitless offer of money. No wonder then that the soldiers soon departed from a system which exposed them to the privation of every little comfort.

The stupid malignity of the people towards us was such, that, in the march forward, as we approached a wine-house, the host, who was on the alert, would quickly shut it up before we could reach it; and retire with his family into the fields, or out-houses, to avoid the trouble and perplexity of serving us heretics: though sure to be paid at least half as much more as they would receive from their own countrymen! When Buona-parte, in his bulletins, accuses us with pillaging and abusing the peaceable and harmless inhabitants, let him point out what sort of treatment *he* would bestow on such kind and hospitable allies!

As Major ——— was wandering on the skirts of Lugo, he was civilly accosted by an aged Spaniard; when the first salutations had passed, the stranger thus expressed himself:—"I am a native of Leon, where I practised physic; but I have been in England, and was in the *suite* of Prince Massareno. Since that, I went to Paris.

and served that illustrious martyr, Louis XVI. and a kind master he was.

‘ Chere ombre royal, recois mon juste hommage,

‘ De Louis dans mon cœur toujours sera l’image,

‘ Victime des mechans !’

“ In the fever of the Revolution, I returned to Spain, and settled at Madrid. A Revolution, Senhor, is a terrible medium of reformation ; all governments should render it unnecessary, by the practice of virtue.”

“ How did you find the people of England, Sir ?”

“ I admire the morals of your nation, more than its manners ; you preserve the roughnesses of your independence, sometimes at the expence of your civility ; but you are naturally brave and generous. Your protection of the unhappy Bourbons will be recollected with admiration ; as those who are kind to the unfortunate will ever be the favorites of Heaven !”

“ As you resided at the capital, Sir,” added the Major, “ during the first symptoms of the declension of the Spanish throne, you will materially oblige me by communicating the presumed causes of its overthrow.”

“ Your question, Senhor Hidalgo, involves so many points, that I cannot duly satisfy your curiosity but in a very cursory way. The decline of the Spanish monarchy, like the decline of Rome, may be traced up to the corruption of the fountain head of government ; for, whatever interested persons may affirm to the contrary, it is as clear as

that the night succeeds the dominion of the sun, in progression, that if our rulers are not true to themselves, the people will not be true to them. The examples that we may draw from the page of history, and the recent events in France, where the revolutionary embers are scarcely cold, make this position of thinking no longer paradoxical.

Charles the Seventh, our late King, was intrinsically a good man, though not a wise Sovereign. Louisa of Parma, was a woman of intrigue, who used the ascendancy she possessed over her husband's mind in so unlimited a sense as to render him little more than an ostensible King, who merely breathed to affix the sign manual of his authority, to her instruments of ambition and profligacy. By the aid of Godoy, her minion, she assumed the disposal of church and military dignities; and while they gratified the surreptitious vermin of a court, the deep murmurs of the nation were unheard. Grey-headed subalterns were commanded by beardless colonels, and the sacred claims of gallantry and service were superseded by the warrant of a strumpet or a grandee!

"I am no friend to the Salic law," continued he, laying his hand upon the Major, "but I would have a woman obedient as a wife, and obeyed as a sovereign. When ladies rule a State, they are uniformly governed by men who are generally both wise and honourable, as they are selected to gratify the judgment, and not the passions. When a Monarch is ruled by his wife, she is usually governed by men who make the gratification of her weak-

nesses their paramount consideration. We have had this exemplified in too many instances to doubt its verity.

“ Our beloved King, Ferdinand the Seventh, when Prince of the Asturias, evinced such generosity of sentiment and love of justice as naturally made the people regard the heir apparent with affection. Though he had his occasional lapses from the injunctions of a stern propriety, yet he never wandered beyond the barriers of moral honor. A Prince should be something more than a mere son of earth ; and though he cannot divest nature of her frailties, it is his bounden duty to make them as little intrusive as possible. A private citizen is responsible for his manners, as well as his opinions ; and if he deviates from consistency in either too much, he is justly despised. But a Prince must not feel the whisperings of contempt ; he is born for his country, and should be a public blessing ; and whenever national scorn approaches him, he may consider it as the precursor of his political death.

“ The clergy, who had long subjected Spain with a rod of iron, clung to the Inquisition for sustenance ; not from admiration of the establishment, but because it was necessary to protract their power. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, they have been more than ordinarily jealous in all governmental movements, as a monk has seven eyes when the refectory is in danger. The abridgments which the Church had suffered in other Catholic countries, since the sceptre of Napoleon, had shaken *Papal* supremacy, inspired them with terror for

themselves; and I fear it is to this source, more than any other, that we may ascribe those bursts of resistance to the usurper, which have been manifested in so many districts of Spain; as we have unhappily found in the proclamations of the Juntas, less attention to the improvement of the general condition of the community, than to the continuance of existing wrongs. The only secret to induce a people to defend a government with zeal, is to make it worth defending.

“ Our code of laws had ceased to be marked by a due line of demarkation, and were so mutilated and multiplied, that the subject knew not where to tread in perfect security. Similar causes produced different sentences in our highest courts of judicature, and consequently the judges were not sufficiently respected by the nation.—But I am talking to a native of Britain, where character, life, and property are secured by the vigilance of a jury; and those juries must be, unquestionably, wholly independent of the influence of power, as otherwise it would be despotism in masquerade, and a mockery of right. When the organs of the laws become corrupt, and the tribunals cruel in their decrees, it is ominous that the State is sinking under the pressure of its fears.

“ The awful occurrences of this epocha, should have their proper weight and bearing in the minds of princes, to reclaim the vicious, and arrest the fool in his career of folly.

“ And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash!”

“ Among the number of the illustrious house of Bourbon, who lie scattered like august wrecks upon the face of Nature; turn your eyes to the amiable Duchess D’Angoulesme; the neice of an emperor, and the daughter of a king, demanding homage from her rank and beauty, and the most respectful attention from her sorrows: for it is not in the nature of fortune to reduce the dignity of virtue—driven from the splendour of a throne, to wander from clime to clime, and exist upon a bounty drawn from alien hands—doomed perhaps, to feel those keen, but undescribable emotions of the heart, which will occur to fallen greatness, when they perceive that the administration even of hospitable offices, loses its tone of delicacy in proportion as they decline into the vale of affliction!

“ But enough of that,” continued he, wiping a tear from his cheek. “ And now suffer me to give you a little advice at parting—look well to the discipline of your men; the Spaniards are a sober people, and readily disgusted by acts of intemperate weakness. When your soldiers enter the wine-houses, I trust it will be to cheer their spirits, and not madden the brain. Let the veils of our females be inviolate, and cast no ridicule on the monks, whatever may be your predilection in theology, for the rage of an offended priest never sleeps; and above all, remember, when you may enter our chapels, that you are in the presence of the living God!”

As the army continued to advance, the difficulties which were *thrown* in its way, continued to be augmented; as the true English "*retenue*" revolted at the idea of making requisitions, which, in fact, none but the French would be so rash as to enforce, it is not very surprising that some of our poor fellows should have actually perished for want of proper sustenance; nor is this to be attributed to want of zeal or activity in the Commissaries; for, with the strongest desire to fulfil their duties, and the most laborious attempts towards it; yet, *by not knowing the language*, they were placed in inextricable dilemmas; and though many of them had interpreters, yet, as they were taken mostly from the lower classes, and having but a smattering of our language, their services went a very little way towards smoothing our embarrassments; as some of them, moreover, aimed at collusion with the contractors and petty magistrates, (many of whom, by order of the Juntas, had the furnishing of provisions,) endless delay and vexation took place.

On the 21st of November, we arrived at Constantine and Sobradelo, two wretched villages, skirting each side of the road, towards Villa Franca, at four leagues distance from Lugo. The weather now was rather more temperate, and the troops were coming on in high spirits, in the hope of speedily joining issue with their old foes.

On the 22d of November, we marched to Najolis, four leagues in advance. This is a miserable place, both as to itself and its inhabitants; the

Alcaldi was a most incorrigible scoundrel, and threw every impediment he could devise in the way of the service; he declared there was not an ounce of bread in the place, but being paraded round the village, between two dragoons, with their swords drawn, and carbines slung, by calling at each house, he contrived, in the course of two hours to bring in near 200 loaves;—but if the Commissary had not adopted (in this instance,) a proceeding bordering in summary rigour, on *la mode Francoise*, the troops must have gone forward the next morning without a morsel of bread! It is pleasing to know, however, that this gentleman has repeatedly met with his deserts, for scarcely a party of English passed through, whom his behaviour did not lead to give him a buffet.

On the 23d, we passed through La Henorias, four leagues forwarder, to Travadelo, two leagues beyond that. The dragoon horses in general were now beginning to get fresh, and to recover from the effects of the voyage, as well as the disorders they acquired by the absurd method of disembarking them at Corunna; but many never recovered the tone of their muscles, which were swelled and stiffened by the sudden chill of immersion; the greater part of these falling very lame, were shot on the road side. This is a subject particularly exasperating to my memory, as besides the vast expence to the nation, it casts such an odium on our manners.

The highest praise is due to Lord Paget for the

attention which he ordered to be paid to these valuable and interesting animals, and they were not a little indebted to him, I can assure you. They usually performed a march of six leagues a-day, on which they were always halted an hour, and the men never suffered to be mounted for more than one-third of the way; by this careful management many fine horses were brought about, which, had they been forced and goaded on, would never have been effective.

On the 24th, we gained Villa Franca, (two more leagues) 200 French prisoners were brought into this place: the Spaniards, though exulting over these poor captives, still appeared to regard them with a sort of dismay; and on their vociferating "*Viva Fernando Setimo!*" the lively raggamuffins contemptuously returned the cheer, with "*Viva la Merda!*"

The first division of the 7th Dragoons, now pushed on towards Bembibu, on their way to Astorga; but when within a league of the first place, they were met by an express, with orders for them to fall back upon Cacabello, a village, one league and a half in front of Villa Franca; this order evidently produced a strong indignant feeling, in both officers and men; and the farrier, who was just coming up, as the retrograde movement took place, with the forge-cart, was, with much difficulty, made to wheel about, as his spirit swelled to be in action. In his road back, however, Fortune, by way of consolation, threw a poor Franciscan Friar in his path, who was travelling harmlessly to his con-

vent; he seized the trembling priest by the cowl, and dragged him on to the village, swearing by the immaculate J——s, that he was a French spy; and when asked why he was of that opinion, he said it was because he had seen the friar stop to examine the troops as they passed by: the poor ecclesiastic (who, certainly was in a terrible panic,) being recognized by the Alcaldi of Caca-bello, was of course set at liberty: and though he had been brought at least five miles out of his road, that reflection did not seem to operate as any drawback to the satisfaction he evinced at getting clear from this rough son of Vulcan.

Orders were now given to make arrangements for the retreat, but as the Spaniards had betrayed so much repugnance to assist us, it was thought prudent to keep them ignorant of this movement as long as possible; and the informations concerning the resources of the country through which the army was to pass, were very properly taken, as if reinforcements were on the point of advancing, instead of the main body being about to retire. This *ruse de guerre* succeeded by keeping the Dons in temper, and leading them to disclose the extent of their stores; and its policy was fully proved when the retreat really took place, for then they dropped the mask of hypocrisy, and kept no terms with us.

However, some days after this, it was again determined to advance, and the plains of Benavente were destined to afford a slight harvest of laurels to cheer the spirits (almost worn down with long

expectation) of our gallant dragoons. It was here that Lord Paget acquired the adoration of his men, in heroically leading them to glory: in the phraseology of Bonaparte's bulletins, "that affair of 200 English to 500 French, does the former great honor," though this business has been very *modestly* omitted in the Parisian publications.

The following Narrative contains the official account of the victorious Action near Astorga.

DOWNING-STREET, JANUARY 10, 1809.

Dispatches, from which the following are extracts, were, on the 8th instant, received at the Office of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces employed in Spain.

Benevente, December, 1808.

SINCE I had the honor to address you upon the 16th, from Toro, the army has been almost constantly marching through snow, and with cold that has been very intense. The weather, within these few days, has turned to rain, which is much more uncomfortable than the cold, and has rendered the roads almost impassable. On the 21st, the army reached Sahagun; it was necessary to halt there in order to refresh the men, and on account of provisions. The information I received was, that Marshal Soult was at Saldana with about 16,000 men, with posts along the river from Guarda to Carrion.

The army was ordered to march in two columns at eight o'clock on the night of the 23d, to force the bridge at Carrion, and from thence proceed to Saldana. At six o'clock that evening, I received information that considerable reinforcements had arrived at

Carrion from Palencia, and a letter from the Marquis de la Romana informed me, that the French were advancing from Madrid, either to Valladolid or Salamanca. It was evident that it was too late to prosecute the attempt upon Soult, that I must be satisfied with the diversion I had occasioned, and that I had no time to lose to secure my retreat.

The next morning, Lieutenant-General Hope, with his own division, and that of Lieutenant-General Fraser, marched to Majorga. I sent Sir David Baird, with his division, to pass the river at Valmira, and followed Lieutenant-General Hope on the 25th, with the reserve and the light brigades, by Majorga, Valderas, to Benevente. The cavalry, under Lord Paget, followed the reserve on the 26th; both the latter corps entered this place yesterday. We continue our march on Astorga. Generals Hope and Fraser are already gone on; Sir David Baird proceeds to-morrow from Valencia; and I shall leave this, with the reserve, at the same time; Lord Paget will remain with the cavalry, to give us notice of the approach of the enemy; hitherto their infantry have not come up, but they are near, and the cavalry is round us in great numbers; they are checked by our cavalry, which have obtained, by their spirit and enterprise, an ascendancy over that of the French, which nothing but great superiority of numbers on their part will get the better of.

The diversion made by our march on Sahagun, though at great risk to ourselves, has been complete; it remains to be seen what advantage the Spaniards in the South will be able to take of it; but the march of the French on Badajoz was stopped when its advanced guard had reached Talaveira de la Reine, and every thing disposeable is now turned in this direction.

The only part of the army which has been hitherto engaged with the enemy, has been the cavalry, and it is impossible for me to say too much in their praise. I mentioned to your Lordship, in my letter of the 16th, the success Brigadier-General Stewart had met with in defeating a detachment of cavalry at Rueda. Since that, few days have passed without his taking or killing different parties of the French, generally superior in force to those which attacked them. On the march to Sahagun, Lord Paget had information of six or seven hundred cavalry being in that town. He

marched on the night of the 20th, from some villages where he was posted, in front of the enemy, at Majorga, with the 10th and 15th Huzzars. The 10th marched strait to the town, whilst Lord Paget, with the 15th, endeavoured to turn it. Unfortunately it fell in with a patrol, one of whom escaped, and gave the alarm. By this means the French had time to form on the outside of the town before Lord Paget got round. He immediately charged them, beat them, and took from 140 to 150 prisoners, amongst whom were two Lieutenant-Colonels and eleven officers, with the loss on our part, of six or eight men, and perhaps twenty wounded.

There have been taken by the cavalry from 400 to 500 French, besides a considerable number killed:—this since we begun our march from Salamanca. On his march from Sahagun, on the 20th, Lord Paget, with two squadrons of the 10th, attacked a detachment of cavalry at Majorga, killed twenty, and took above 100 prisoners. Our cavalry is very superior in quality to any the French have; and the right spirit has been infused into them by the example and instruction of their two leaders, Lord Paget and Brigadier-General Stewart.

Astorga, December 31, 1808.

I arrived here yesterday. Major-General Frazer, with his division will be at Villa Franca this day, and will proceed on to Lugo. Lieutenant-General Hope, with his division, stopped yesterday two leagues from this, and proceeds this morning, followed by Sir David Baird. The two flank brigades go by the road to Penferrada. I shall follow, with the reserve and cavalry, to Villa Franca, either this night or to-morrow morning, according as I hear the approach of the French. The morning I marched from Benevente, seven squadrons of Bonaparte's Guards passed the river at a ford above the bridge. They were attacked by Brigadier-General Stewart, at the head of the piquets of the 18th, and 3d German Light Dragoons, and driven across the ford. Their Colonel, a General of Division, Lefebvre, was taken, together with about 70 officers and men.

The affair was well contested. The numbers with which Brigadier-General Stewart attacked were inferior to the French; it is the corps of the greatest character in their army; but the supe-

riority of the British was, I am told, very conspicuous. I inclose, for your Lordship's satisfaction, Lord Paget's report of it.

Benevente, December 29, 1808.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that about nine o'clock this morning I received a report that the enemy's cavalry was in the act of crossing the river at the ford near the bridge. I immediately sent down the piquets of the night, under Lieutenant-Colonel Otway, of the 18th. Having left orders that the cavalry should repair to their alarm-posts, I went forward to reconnoitre, and found four squadrons of the Imperial Guards formed, and skirmishing with the piquets and other cavalry in the act of passing. I sent for the 10th Huzzars, who, having arrived, Brigadier-General Stewart immediately placed himself at the head of the piquets, and, with the utmost gallantry, attacked. The 10th Huzzars supported in the most perfect order.

The result of the affair, as far as I have yet been able to collect, is about 30 killed, 25 wounded, 70 prisoners, and about the same number of horses.

It is impossible for me to avoid speaking in the highest terms of all those engaged. Lieutenant-Colonel Otway and Major Bagwell headed the respective night piquets. The latter is slightly wounded. The utmost zeal was conspicuous in the whole of my Staff; and I had many Volunteers from head-quarters, and other Officers of your army.—Amongst the prisoners is the General of Division, Lefebre, (who commands the cavalry of the Imperial Guard) and two Captains. Our loss is, I fear, nearly 50 men killed and wounded. I will send a return the moment I can collect the reports.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) PAGET, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-General Sir J. Moore, K.B.

I have forwarded the prisoners to Baniza. On the other side of the river the enemy formed again, and at this instant three guns of Captain Donovan's troop arrived, which did considerable execution.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEFEBVRE,

By — Grisdale, a Private in the 10th Dragoons.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty of the 10th dragoons, and the dragoons of the 7th, were suddenly opposed to about twelve hundred of the enemy's cavalry, chiefly composed of Imperial Guards, well mounted, and commanded by Lefebvre. The town of Benevento was at a short distance in the rear. As the British had the sagacity, in this instance, to destroy the bridge, the enemy were forced to wade through the river, which they did, with great alacrity, for the purpose of compelling the British detachment to surrender. They advanced in one solid and compact line against the British force, to salute them with a general volley from their carbines. The British, who were led on by Major Quintain of the 10th, resolutely awaited their approach, and received their fire, which, happily, did but little execution. The volley was no sooner given, than an order was issued for the British to charge, which they did with that order and impetuosity which insured success. They cut their way completely through the enemy's line, and then shewed a broad front to him in the opposite direction. The French, in the interim, having faced about, closed their ranks, and put themselves again in good order for the contest. A second charge was then made by the British, which was more successful than the former, for the French were thrown into confusion, and the carnage which

followed was terrible. It was at this time that Grisdale beheld the French Commander, accompanied by two trumpeters, hurrying from the field of action, and followed by two privates of the 7th, in hot pursuit. The French Commander's horse outstripped those of the trumpeters, as did Grisdale's those of the 7th; so that, as the General lost the companions of his flight, Grisdale had the good fortune to pursue him single-handed. The General fled along the serpentine margin of the river, and thereby lost much ground, of which Grisdale took advantage, and by cutting across from angle to angle, he at length, after a rapid chace of two miles, succeeded in getting in his front. The General now, from necessity, checked his horse; but betraying symptoms of resistance, Grisdale instantly levelled, and discharged his carbine, the ball of which slightly wounded his adversary on the cheek. Thus unsuccessful in his aim, Grisdale was preparing to defend himself with his sword, (his pistols having been previously discharged) when, to his surprise, he beheld Lefebvre throw his sword away, as a token of surrender. This gave Grisdale time to re-load his carbine, which having done, he advanced to the General, took the pistols from his holsters, the sash from about his waist, and having dismounted, snatched up the cast away sword; then re-seating himself in the saddle, he turned the rein of the General's bridle over the horse's head, and so conducted him to the British army: the main body of which, at that time, was *coming up*. Grisdale had too much honest pride

to demand the General's watch and money, but a private of the 7th, who was less scrupulous and exalted in his ideas, did the General that favor before he reached the British lines. Gridale gave the sash, sword, and pistols, to his Colonel, (Leigh) to have them transmitted to his beloved Commander, the Prince of Wales. Gridale has recently been raised to the rank of corporal, as the first step only of more considerable promotion.— He is an exceedingly well made, well looking man : his countenance is ruddy and expressive, and strongly indicates that he possesses that intrepid spirit which should, at all times, distinguish the Briton and the soldier. He is a native of Gracestock, in Cumberland ; his age is twenty-four. He has a mother living, to whom he is most affectionately attached ; and where filial piety exists, we seldom look for human courage in vain.

Notwithstanding this *coup d'eclat*, it seemed destined that our retreat should be attended with every possible disadvantage that Nature could throw in our way. The weather was so inclement, that the oldest Galician living, does not remember so severe a season. Wind, rain, and even hail, pelted around us ; and to add to our distresses, the greater part of the officers had lost their cloaks, great coats, and linen, as the muleteers to whose care they were confided, had all scampered to the mountains on the approach of the French cavalry, and left 200 of their mules to be quietly plundered by the enemy ! Now, whether this mishap arose from the suggestions of fear,

or hatred, or knavery, is yet undetermined. Some of our dragoons endeavoured to drive those independent animals forward, but even the stroke of the sabre had no effect, when their masters had forsaken them. Unhappily, they were not linguists, like Balaam's appendage, and could not, or would not, comprehend the British word of command. Between Benevente and Astorga, and Villa Franca, and Lugo, the retreating army were literally compelled to cut a passage through the snow !

THE SPANISH LADIES.

THE Spanish ladies, in general, are *petite*, but lively, and by no means subject to those ungenerous restrictions in social agency that they were in more remote times.—Their conversation is witty and agreeable, and their eyes both black and brilliant, yet the *contour* of the face is not peculiarly striking; their similitude to the Portuguese is very apparent.

Coming out of the church of Astorga, where I had been to witness the celebration of High Mass, I perceived a *bona Dea* of more than ordinary interest, tripping gracefully on a narrow path that meandered through the ordure of the streets, in blue satin *pantoufles*; she was followed by an old attendant, or *duenna*, who carried a *large rosary* on her arm, and looked as devout as

Saint Ursula, in penance. The younger female appeared to be made of "metal more attractive," and not wholly unwilling to be a sinner in ambush—ever and anon, she lifted up the angle of the veil that concealed her beauty, and seemed to recomoitre my person from under the pent-house of her eye; when she darted a glance of such fierce captivation, as might fascinate a trout in the stream.

On her fair breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews *might* kiss, and Infidels adore.

Having some leisure, I slipped two pistorines into the old woman's hand (which appeared to open, and receive the *douceur*, as it were by instinct). She understood my meaning, and allured me with her fan, to follow her: I obeyed her signals, until we arrived at a house in a narrow street, which I saw my charming *incognita* enter, as light as a fairy: the ancient lady continuing her silent instructions, I followed them up stairs, into a spacious, but comfortless apartment: decorated with the portraits of an adust *Bruno*, and a noviciate nun: a few chairs, an immense marble slab, with massy gilt feet, a sofa, a chafing dish with the *residuum* of coals, yet warm, and a crucifix, and *Salvator Mundi* affixed in a niche of the wall.

I made my apology to the lady, in French, which luckily she understood perfectly well; and after desiring me to be seated, spoke thus, before the duenna:—"Senhor, you are a stranger, and a friend, and in such characters you are en-

titled to my respect ; but as I perceive, by the *non-chalance* of your manner, that you may be inclined to think too lightly of my decorum, I must inform you that I have limits to my civilities : although I am not a sworn enemy to refined gallantry (here the duenna gave me a nod of encouragement); were there no fools enamoured of beauty, female reputation would not have suffered in the contemplation of the moralist; by giving them the custody of what they are unable to appreciate, their vanity becomes paramount, and the world hears that *faux pas*, which adds not to the health of the listener, while it abridges the circulation of joy. Discretion is the attribute of man, and although it is made but a minor virtue in the catalogue, it is frequently the guardian of all the rest ; with it, the sensibilities of love are never outraged ; but without it, the finer threads of the heart become unravelled, and all its delicate texture falls to ruin !

“ I have often pondered on the declaration of the French Censor—‘ *Sans la discretion, la société civile n’est qu’une fatigue et un embarras ; car il faut être toujours attentif sur soi, pour ne rien laisser échapper devant des personnes indifférentes, qui en pourroient faire un mauvais usage, soit en relevant ce qu’on leur confie, ou en y ajoutant de leur chef des circonstances à quoi l’on n’a jamais pense* ’

At the conclusion of this polished quotation, she gracefully beckoned the ancient Sybil from the *viranda*, to retire, and prepare some chesnuts and Malaga for the Cavalier. As the she-dragon of reputation receded, she gave me a kind of flying.

courtesy, or Parthian salute: signifying, by the movement of her head, a species of congratulation at my excellent good fortune.

"You may be surprised, Senhor," continued the *Donna*, "at this condescension; but I view you in the light of a national deliverer!—You are a soldier and an Englishman, and must be noble and liberal by inheritance; (here I bowed my head, and, I believe, blushed.) I am a widow: my late husband was a Knight of the Holy Ghost—a Castilian by birth, and his honor was as spotless as Alpine snows! How proud he would have been to have congratulated a magnanimous ally within his own walls!—That is a charming topaz on your ring, Senhor; the Princess of Monaco had its twin-brother.—I think it might fit my finger—with your permission—*bien obligé*—*Oh! fidon.*"—(Here the MS. was obliterated.)

While quartered at the convent of Sobrado, we had frequently occasion to use the influence of the Monks, in procuring some essential requisites for the sick; and to smooth and further our designs, we often visited the church during mass. On one of these events, a gentleman, attached to the Commissariat, observed an old woman, who was watching him with more than common attention. As the devotees were retiring, she came up to the Officer, and tapping him gently on the shoulder with her fan, enquired, with a look of indescribable archness, "if he was a Christian?" "A Christian, Madam!" quoth he, "certainly. Have you not seen me at mass?" "Ah! Senhor," replied the perry in-

quisitoress, I am a Portuguese, and know the tricks of you Roisterers perfectly well; I fear this awakened piety is merely to bamboozle the Holy Fathers! *Tenho meda qui vos ma ce, fax' isto Sol para contentere los Padres santos!"*

On discoursing at Sobrado, with a contractor for the Alcaidi, he took occasion to observe, by the way of flattery to our Government, that he knew very well most of the English were good Christians; (that is Catholics;) but were forced to deny their conviction, in order to hold places in the Church and State. "King-George himself," continued he, in an elevated tone, "is a true son of the church, but he is obliged to acquiesce in heresy, to conform to the desires of the vulgar!"

A short time before we began our retreat to Vigo, I learned with surprise, that the Honorable Captain Percy, of the 26th foot, was confined with an intermittent fever, in the convent of Sobrado, and that he wanted certain comforts: I immediately paid him a visit, and found him in an attic cell, belonging to one of the monks, who was particularly attentive to him, as he had been informed that he was a branch of the illustrious house of Northumberland. While I was sitting by his bedside, the philanthropic monk entered the cell in trembling perturbation, with a pallid countenance, and dishevelled hair; telling us, that the French scoundrels were actually at Lugo; shortly after which, our olfactory nerves were supremely offended by effluvia evidently arising from the

drapery of the affrighted priest ! We both laughed heartily at the discomfited figure before us ; but as a retreat became immediately necessary, I questioned Captain Percy on his capability of undertaking the fatigues of the march, as the weather was singularly tempestuous ; he quickly resolved on accompanying us, but was so weak, that he could not mount his horse, without the assistance of his servant, and a muleteer. We lost sight of him in the first succeeding night, but afterwards had the good fortune to meet him at a small village, called Saint Gregorio, which is half way between Sobrado and St. Jago de Compostella ; but before our arrival at Saint Jago, we missed him again, although we had made so sure of his joining us, that we waited dinner for him at a Frenchman's hotel in that city ; but we never saw him from that time, and were apprehensive that he must have been so overborne by inconveniences and indisposition as to become a prisoner.

On the 5th of January, General Fraser received an order from head-quarters to regain the Corunna road, instead of retreating to Vigo, agreeably to the first determination. On this they returned to Lugo ; but great numbers of the soldiers sunk in the road, through excess of fatigue.

Nothing occurred of moment for several days, but our minds were continually on the alert to ascertain what was necessary for the security of the army.

On the 10th, we sent forward a serjeant of the 1st Royals, to obtain correct information from the

Commanding Officer at Betanzos. On the 11th, having suspicion as to the course of events, we applied to the Alcaldia of Sobrado for carts, to convey the sick away, in contemplation of unfavourable news. He at first acceded to the proposition, but came in a short time after, in a state of alarm, and informed us that the peasants would not permit him to fulfil our demand. On this we produced our pistols, one of which I gave to Lieutenant F——, and girded on my sabre; and at my recommendation, he ordered out a file of men, though they were principally feeble and in a convalescent state, and ordered them to load before the mob. Then we proceeded to the fields, and, after a chace of two hours, we procured a sufficient number of bullocks and carts.

The Serjeant returned on the 12th, with an order to proceed as fast as possible to Corunna; but that being impracticable from the position of the enemy, we determined to go forthwith to Vigo, and departed the same day, at 5 P. M.

In consequence of this order, we sent off the sick, in carts, by the direct road to Corunna; deeming it better that they should run the risk of being taken by the French, than perish by the neglect or increasing malignancy of the Spaniards. It should be noted, that when our worthy and faithful allies of Sobrado, found that we were to retreat, they loaded us with the coarsest upbraids; and we saw this event in perspective so clearly, that we kept it a secret as long as possible.

On sleeping at Caldos, on our way to Vigo, we

took up our quarters at a sorry inn, where they made us pay soundly for a villainous supper, and where I was flea-bitten, in the night, without intermission. On summoning the hostess, early in the morning, to pay her the bill, she had the civil effrontery to ask me, with a smile, if I had not slept well in her *posada*, as it was noted over Spain, for excellent accommodation, by all travellers. I was so provoked by her taunts and sneers at my chagrin, that I shewed her a part of my linen, by way of reply. Having surveyed a portion of my *chemise*, through her spectacles, she calmly observed, that her beds were famous for their cleanliness, but that one flea was as bad as a million !

Sobrado is situated half way between Lugo and St. Jago de Compostella. We must here halt a moment, to make a slight comment upon the verity of the French bulletins ; the 31st of which, states, “ That General Francheschi entered St. Jago, and found some magazines, and an English guard, which he took.”—On the 13th of January we were at St. Jago, where there was a magazine of provisions, but not one soldier to guard it: so that, though the French Government may vouch loudly for the common truth of their bulletins, they must not contend sturdily for their correctness.

On my return to St. Jago, I had full experience of the effects of human instability, so far as it is dependent upon good or bad fortune. On finding that the people of this town, had resisted the Commissary in the act of destroying his stores, having only an opportunity to stave the rum casks, sub

silentto, I went to the Governor's to procure the keys, to get provision for a small detachment of men, and to render the rest unserviceable. I demanded them at his gate, in the name of his Britannic Majesty; but it was unavailing, as this heretofore most civil Governor, remained inaccessible! Finding his villainous obstinacy continue, I affirmed that if I did not receive the keys in five minutes, I would break open the doors of the *depôt*, which eventually I did; and after gaining the supplies, marched off for Saint Vigo, as there was no time to be lost on an emergency so pressing.

Hearing by every succeeding courier, that the van of the French army was advancing, we hastened on with little cessation, yet many of our men were so foot-worn and harrassed, that they threw themselves on the ground, and waited the caprice of Fortune! Shortly after we had passed Redonhela, I first perceived, with emotions of gladness, a British seventy-four, riding at anchor, in Vigo-Bay, from which we were about four leagues distant. It is needless to aver, how nimbly we tript over the intervening path. On our arrival at Vigo, we reported ourselves to Brigadier-General Alton, who had then the command of that station.

Vigo is situated on an eminence commanding the harbour, and is the neatest town that I have seen in Spain; it resembles an English sea-port more than any other, though it is irregularly built. The fort is large, but out of repair.

As the conduct of the people of this place was

very equivocal, we deemed it prudent to conceal the actual motives for our embarkation as long as possible, and we found after, that such precaution had been necessary. General Crawford's brigade consisted now of about 2800 men.—We were taken on board 24 transports—the Alfred man of war, of 74 guns, and the Hindostan store-ship, acting as convoy.

I have learned since I was at Vigo, that the Bishop of Oporto would not suffer Sir Robert Wilson to get any more recruits, after he had raised 700 Portuguese with infinite assiduity; in pursuance of this treacherous conduct on the part of that wily prelate, Sir Robert marched the men away, that he had thus enlisted, but has not since been heard of! So much for the moral honor of Monseigneur L'Eveque, our holy treasurer, and very good friend; but the wise of other times have said, *monachus non facit cucullus!*

MOVEMENTS OF THE MAIN ARMY.

(From the MSS. of another Officer.)

A GALLANT AFFAIR BY THE SEVENTH DRAGOONS.

ON the 25th of December, Lieutenant-Colonel Kerrison, of the 7th Light Dragoons, being stationed at Benevente, with a small advanced party of ten men, fell in with a piquet of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of fifteen privates and an officer. Each

party drew up in order to charge, when the two officers singled each other out. The Frenchman made point at Colonel Kerrison, which, by a skilful management of his horse, he avoided, (though his jacket was torn by the blade): and, in the same moment, he gave his antagonist so severe a blow with his sabre, across the forehead, as to bring them both from their horses: the Frenchman from the violence of the stroke, and Colonel Kerrison, from the violence of action. The men, in the mean time, had been warmly engaged, in a slashing conflict, hand to hand; but the French now fled, leaving three dead on the field, and five prisoners, behind them. The Colonel's men now came to his assistance, when, on raising him up, they found his arm had been broken by a blow given by his adversary, with the hilt of his sword; but the French officer lay dead beside him.

The following melancholy anecdote is a striking proof of the high state of discipline in which the Commander in Chief held the army; and, notwithstanding the instance was lamentable, it was deemed supremely necessary, to impress the country people with our determination to uphold a system of severe justice:—

In the march from Astorga, four dragoons, who had not eaten bread for forty-eight hours, entered a merchant's shop to cheapen some, which he refused to sell; when the poor fellows seized a loaf and a bit of bacon, which they ate raw. The merchant followed them to their quarters, and *preferred his complaint* to Sir John Moore, who,

actuated by a laudable desire to maintain harmony with the Spaniards, told them that one must die. On this, the unhappy men drew straws, and he that drew the shortest was tied to a tree, and shot; after which, all the regiments were marched in succession round his body !

Yet, in despite of the efforts and wise conduct of Sir John Moore and his Staff, such was the flinty and unfeeling conduct of the people towards us, that we were forced to break open many houses in search of those succours for the sick and the weary, that we would gladly have paid for most liberally. But as our men became stragglers, and ventured to snatch provisions in this predatory way, they were generally assassinated by the country people.

I saw many of our soldiers throw themselves down by the road side, and declare their utter inability to proceed farther; hoping, among the best points of a bad fortune, to be taken prisoners by the French, rather than fall into the superstitious fangs of the enraged boors of Galicia; who became cruel and insolent in proportion as we became embarrassed.

During these transactions the affairs of the main army went on but inauspiciously. Whispers were circulating that Bonaparte had left Madrid, to circumvent our passage to the sea: advices came from Count de la Romana, expressing his apprehension of the vast designs of the enemy, and the absolute necessity of retreating was now admitted by all—but the conviction was somewhat too late.

The campaign now assumed such an aspect of

horror as might have struck the stoutest heart with despair; the French were so close as to be able continually to harrass our rear; the Spaniards in the van, were removing every serviceable thing they could out of our way, with all the alacrity their native indolence would allow. The elements were warring against us with the utmost fury, and without intermission, for near three weeks! Men, women, and children worn out by unceasing fatigue, were lying down by the road side; some with the hope of renovating their strength that they might be able to proceed; others, in a state of desperation, resolved to end their lingering sufferings, by passively awaiting death. But few of either of those distressed beings ever rose again: for those who proposed it, were so completely chilled and stiffened by lying on the wet ground during half an hour, with their clothes already drenched, and still exposed to a torrent of rain; that, after a feeble attempt to rise, they would fall back, and resign themselves to Heaven, without further struggle! In this plenitude of woe, there was no hope of assistance from others, it being a task sufficient for the most hardy and athletic to preserve themselves. To complete the appalling spectacle, the road on each side was lined with dead horses; those poor beasts having been as much exhausted by exertion as the men, were shot, to prevent their falling to the share of the enemy. This was a sorry sight, which the bulletins describe to have been so revolting to Bonaparte! He, who *could view, calm and unmoved, fields strewn with*

human slaughter—he, whose voice, like the mandate of Bellona, makes carnage unrestricted; found his nature suddenly shocked, and his nerves thrill with tenderness at beholding the dead. English horses! It certainly would have been more considerate in us to have left them in return for those of the Imperial Guard which were taken at Benevente; but the English are *savages* and *idiotaters*, and have no idea of such civil retribution. Such is the insinuation conveyed to the Spaniards by the spirit of that bulletin, which affects to explain this lamented event: though with the usual French dexterity, those sentiments are given to the Spaniards as their own effusions:—They are made to consider this circumstance as a sort of *religious sacrifice*, to appease Almighty vengeance, and implore safe conduct to our ships. They are made to deduce from it, “very strange and unfavourable ideas of the religion of England.” It must be confessed, if there is little grace, yet there is much political science in this manœuvre; for of all the arms he can turn against us, this is the most powerful he can wield, in such countries as Spain and Portugal. Napoleon understands human nature well, and calculates with particular precision on the bigotry and superstition of the people he would cajole.

The military chest, in the retreat of our army, towards Astorga, contained dollars to the amount of £600,000, and about £15,000 in gold coin. It was thrown into rivers, caverns, and over the clefts of precipices to prevent its falling into the hands

of the enemy; and to this circumstance was imputable the loss of our men: many having dropped behind, under various pretences, in the hope of recovering part of the specie so disposed of, who were afterwards unable to regain their respective corps.

According to the Twenty-eighth French Bulletin, 1,800,000 francs of this treasure, have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

It was the opinion of several officers of distinction, that had the hills commanding the passes, between Lugo and Villa Franca, been furnished with artillery; it would have been utterly impracticable for the French, notwithstanding their superior forces, to have penetrated by that route, upon the rear of our army. And this opinion received a sanction so impressive, that mules were actually purchased at Lugo, for the purpose of carrying up light artillery to those eminences; but the measure was abandoned from some unknown cause!

Had those passes been fortified, we should not probably have lost a single soldier at Corunna, at least by the sword of the enemy; but this precaution having been neglected in the advance of our army, it became impossible to effect it during the retreat, as the impulse of consternation was too powerful to admit the intervention of method. All the information that we received respecting the enemy, was false and overcharged; but we had solid reason to know, that all our movements were faithfully conveyed to Madrid.

From the same fatal source of false confidence, arose the capital neglect of not getting the harbour of Ferrol, with the whole of the squadron. The demeanour of the Spaniards did not warrant this excess of complaisance; and the conduct of the peasantry was hostile in the extreme; they even poniarded and hung several of our brave fellows wherever they could find them straggling after food or beverage. Their reproaches were of the most bitter and mortifying nature, and I was often happy that the army did not understand them.—The women and children attached to the expedition suffered inconceivable miseries; and several dashing *elegantes*, who had quitted the safe regions of Mary-le-bonne, to follow the fortunes of the war, with their *dear friends*, were despoiled of their accustomed influence; as those who had captivated so many, were themselves made captives.

It is a fault applicable to a British army, that they generally have too much baggage, but this love of personal comfort, proved of no avail in this unhappy retreat; the baggage of the officers had been mostly left with the mules on the road, and all the minor finery was of course left behind. Ghent ruffles, silk hose, shirts, and shirties fell into Gallic hands; and so reduced were the military gentlemen in the essential points of drapery, that many of them did not change their linen, in a hard passage from Astorga to Plymouth; which, added to the common necessity of sleeping every night, for several weeks, under the canopy of heaven, made their situation unenviable.

When the van of our army arrived at Corunna, they proceeded to embark as fast as possible; but on the morning of the 15th of January, the enemy took such a position in our front, as made it necessary to resist, and a battle took place on the ensuing day.

Official Account of the Battle of Corunna.

DOWNING-STREET, JANUARY 24, 1809.

The Honorable Captain Hope arrived late last night, with a Dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Sir David Baird, to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

His Majesty's Ship *Ville de Paris*, at Sea,
January 18, 1809.

MY LORD,

By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested; to the enclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy, at every point of attack.

The Honorable Captain Gordon, my Aid-du-Camp, will have the honor of delivering this dispatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honor to be, &c.

D. BAIRD, Lieutenant-General.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

His Majesty's Ship Audacious, off Corunna,
January 18, 1809.

SIR,

IN compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna, on the 16th instant.

It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front.

This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment, and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest.

I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-General

ral Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 32d regiments, drove the enemy before him, and, in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-General Frazer's division, (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders.

Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our piquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the second battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls; before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the piquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy; who, from his numbers, and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous deter-

mination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation; the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The piquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn, with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitting exertion of Captains the Honorable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore, until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light.

The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place; there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced, and completed by three in the afternoon; Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satis-

faction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town, soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harrassing service. The superior numbers, and advantageous positions of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero, afforded the best hope that the South of Spain might be relieved ; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain.

You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harrassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in *them*, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had *an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me,*

in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged, were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck, and Manningham, and Leith; and the brigade of Guards, under Major-General Warde.

To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Craufurd, with their brigades, on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42d, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of Guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General, and the Officers of the general Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade, during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several Officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, 92d regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Winch, 4th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, 59th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, Guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience

of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honor by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

It remains for me only to express my hope that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-General Sir D. Baird, &c. &c.

At the commencement of the action, Marshal Soult brought two field-pieces and a howitzer to bear upon the van of the British division, which galled the men exceedingly, who were waiting with throbbing pulses, for the signal to attack; which, being given, the 42d, 14th, 95th, and 32d, rushed on the enemy with fixed bayonets, and drove them up an acclivity with great slaughter.

As night alone prevented the continuance of the fight, we made fires on the field of battle to delude the enemy, and retire into Corunna to prepare for immediate embarkation. I saw Sir J. Moore at the time he received his mortal wound; he clung momentarily to the mane of his horse, and then sunk by the *right side*: various field-officers hurried to assist

their general, but he felt the impossibility of continuing the command; he was carried off by six privates of the gallant 42d, and rested upon a stone, about a mile in distance from the rear of the army; while they remained there, two shells struck the stone.

Sir David Baird lost his arm by a cannon ball, nearly at the same time; he desired to have his shattered limb amputated on the spot, but the surgeons prevailed on him to be conveyed to Corunna.

PARTICULARS OF SIR JOHN MOORE'S DEATH.

By an Eye Witness.

“ I MET the general on the evening of the 16th Instant, as some soldiers were bringing him to Corunna, supported in a blanket, with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, ‘ Do not leave me.’—He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me; and at intervals, expressed himself as follows:—The first question he asked was—‘ Are the French beaten?’—which enquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured by all, that the French were beaten, he exclaimed—‘ *I hope the people of England will be satisfied, I hope my country will do*

was proceeding up the ship's side, when the boatman drew a poniard, and stabbed him aslant the ribs, but not dangerously; on this, a tar, who saw the transaction from the vessel, jumped into the boat, and threw the cruel ally overboard!

The conduct of Sir Samuel Hood, in accelerating the embarkation, was supremely laudable. By his judicious and spirited arrangements, we saved many men. He received several hundreds on board the *Barfleur*, and his crew and boats were continually on the alert to render service.

Thus fatally ended an Expedition which has cost the British Government and the Nation twenty millions sterling, and the greater part of 20,000 men, *hors de combat*; that is, in killed, wounded, drowned, and missing!—The armament was sent forth with the approbation of every unthinking man; and those who thought, were compelled to be silent during the whirlwind of an unfounded preparation.—I knew Spain, and the people well, and prophesied every evil that occurred, without any supernatural pretensions whatever.

It is imperatively essential that a general alteration should take place in the appointment of another *Commissariat*, and in its management, when appointed. Each Administration are bound, by a sacred duty which they owe to their country, to relax in that system of patronage which would make the place suit the agent, and not the agent suit the place. We are not disposed to offend, we *are only* disposed to do good.—How absurd, how *deadly was it to the well-being of the army, to*

depute men as Commissaries to Spain, who were ignorant of the language of that nation! How were they to bargain for, and examine stores, who knew not the *nomenclature* of the articles?— Shall the unrazored, untravelled relatives or dependants of a few men in power, be heedlessly thrust into situations of such deep responsibility; as to include, not merely the comforts, but (as it has been proved in this Narrative,) the very *existence* of our brave countrymen, while struggling with difficulties in a foreign land?—Forbid it justice, and forbid it humanity!—It is a system that vitiates the heart's blood of enterprize.—It is an abomination in the scale of authority, and must be reformed altogether.

At the close of a retreat such as this, who would have considered it possible for the British to rally, and repel the enemy with such complete effect? This fact affords a proof, that had they been brought up to the charge while their physical strength was full and ardent, and before the native armies were dispersed; that the epithet of folly would not have been applicable to this expedition, at least to the extent it now is.

Having taken our degrees in the schools of experience and disaster, we ought to listen no more to the ruinous delusions of unaccredited hope. We should rest convinced of the impossibility of our succeeding on the peninsula of the Continent, in offensive or defensive measures. Our manners and language are so distinct as to preclude a chance of cordial co-operation, on any thing like a general

scale ; but, above all, the grand and insurmountable obstacle of religion will be ever opposed to such a desirable combination of interests. Away then with the artifices of those who will continue to prattle about the unsubdued enthusiasm of the Spaniards, by way of encouraging fresh efforts, and calling forth fresh sacrifices in a fruitless cause. We have offered victims enough upon the altars of their prejudices, and it is now time that the immolation should cease. If such spirits be honest, they are dangerous deluders, and do not understand the interests of their country.

Let the good people of Britain be assured that this enthusiastic feeling, the fine sense of honour, and the high chivalrous spirit which has been so long attributed to the Spaniards ! and made the burden of English ballads for the last twelve-months, exists only in their romances and their conversation ; or in that of their partizans here, who are led to assert such shadowy and presumptive ideas from sinister motives. If ever their nation possessed those attributes of sublimated honor, the sacred impulse is now wholly dissipated. They are not only actuated by a grand principle of deception towards us, from sordid motives, but that principle is kept alive, and stimulated by the suggestions of malice, and *the desire of revenge*. Their watch-word against us is, "Remember to return us the four frigates ; but how will you return the murdered innocents !" This was *literally* the language they vociferated to cheer us on our retreat, and the more justice there

may be in this requisition, the more dread ought we to have of lending ourselves to a feigned friendship, where we are aware some reason exists to cherish an unforgiving disposition. From the experimental philosophy, which we have so deeply, but disastrously acquired in Spain; and from every consequent reflection that arises on the subject, we must be convinced, (if the power to be convinced is in our system,) that should we have the weakness to offer ourselves again, as the instruments of a Spanish party, nothing but evil and overthrow is to be expected in the issue.

Had General Moore's last dispatches been published by Government, they might have rendered some of these remarks unnecessary, as it is understood that they embraced a most comprehensive view of the various situations in which our army was placed, from the moment of its entrance into Spain, to the time when it became necessary to retreat. They would give an account, by no means flattering, of the means and *disposition*, the character and resolution of the people of Spain.

BROAD HINTS
FOR
THE TRANSPORT BOARD.

• LET deserved censure fall on the masters of the transports, who, for the greater part, betrayed the extreme of ignorance and cowardice; many of them, as I was credibly informed, (and which information has been supported by the public prints,) were so harrowed with terror at the first fire of the French, from the heights, into the harbour of Corunna; that they cut their cables, and having no sail set, run on shore. Five vessels were stranded; two of which, however, by the gallantry and skill of a midshipman and boat's crew of the *Barfleur*, were manned and brought out, from between the teeth, as I may say, of the French batteries!

For the sake of humanity, the general bad conduct and want of skill of these people, ought to be placed in a true light:—to lead to it in one instance, I shall relate the most striking occurrences of my passage home from Vigo, on board the brig transport, *Success*, Captain ———. On the morning of the 21st January 1809, at eight P. M. the *Alfred*, our commodore, made the signal to get under weigh. We were the last to get our anchor up, and before we had got half way down the bay, the *Alfred*, and all the other transports had brought up at its extremity, under a ledge of high rocks: the wind having suddenly shifted, and was then blowing a *gale*, nearly in, from the E.S.E. We were on the

starboard tack, and making much lee-way, towards the northern shore, which rounds to the opening of the bay; when finding we could not reach down, the ship was put in stays, but would not go about; in this moment I perceived our captain to be a rank coward, and no seaman; for instead of instantly ordering the vessel to be brought round, he quitted the helm and ran forward, seemingly in a state of distraction, and with his hands clasped, and uplifted, exclaimed, "Good God, what is the matter with the ship!" The mate, however, who, though a very old man, possessed much more presence of mind and knowledge than his chief; he seized the tiller, and got the sails full, just in time to prevent our going on shore!

On pursuing our voyage, I constantly observed, that when any indication of bad weather manifested itself, the captain's countenance would immediately announce the inward perturbation of his mind; and that he usually retired to his stateroom, where, having remained some time, he would come forth, evidently much fortified; but as I could not persuade myself that the force of his devotion tended to the security of the ship, I was curious to ascertain the exact nature of it; when watching him narrowly on one of those occasions, I perceived him in the attitude of prayer; with his mouth piously applied to the capacious embouchure of a two gallon stone bottle, which was poised on his sea-chest: and from its contents I found he derived the most spirituous consolation. Fearing, however, that the extremity to which he

pushed this devout exercise, might place us likewise in some danger ; with the concurrence of my brother officers, I ordered him forty-eight hours of solitary reflection in his cabin ; at the end of which time, having expressed his sincere conviction of his impropriety, we suffered him to resume his functions ; by which means we obtained an additional proof of his superior nautical attainments. The next morning, about seven, we made land, when enquiring of him what land he deemed it, he replied, “ It is no part of England, sir ; *it is an island* ; and I rather think, Guernsey or Jersey ! ” On looking out, about five minutes after, I plainly discovered the Needle Rocks, nearly a-head of us, at about two miles distance ; yet what rendered this man’s ignorance the more offensive and aggravating, was, his having had the effrontery to find fault with the conduct of the Captain of the *Alfred*, for steering too far to the eastward ; and asserting broadly, that not one in ten of the Captains of the Royal Navy, knew how to keep the ship’s way.

After this, shall we affect to wonder that so many of our expeditions are unhappily chequered by shipwrecks : and our shores covered with the dead bodies of our heroes ; when the lives of British subjects are entrusted so lightly, not to say wantonly, to creatures of this mould !

Quere. Why do not these men pass a regular examination at the Transport Board, before they are entrusted with the command of a ship in its service ?

BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Notes of the Moniteur upon General Hope's Letter to Sir David Baird, published in the London Gazette Extraordinary of January 24, 1809:

[We must not be surprized that the facts are perverted, as it is the policy of nations to exaggerate their successes, but not to register their defeats.]

GAZETTE.—“The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire,” &c.

MONITEUR.—“The whole of this is false.—Sir John Moore was wounded as he was endeavouring to stop the flight of his troops. The French, at least in their serious attacks, were not repulsed at any one point.”

GAZETTE.—“From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls.”

MONITEUR.—“This Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls must have been a Rolando, if with *some companies* of the 14th regiment, he had retaken a village which was the principal object of contest. This part of the account certainly did not come from Sir John Hope; it is, doubtless, the production of the same pen that has made Europe acquainted with the details of the famous battle of Ronceval.”

GAZETTE.—“Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points,” &c.

MONITEUR.—“This is false, most false.—The village was carried and maintained possession of by the French. The English were driven from all their positions; but the action having begun only at three o'clock, and it being dark at five, our sharpshooters, after repelling the enemy, and passing over several walls of the gardens that surround Corunna, were necessarily obliged to halt.”

GAZETTE.—“The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit.”

MONITEUR.—“You were attacked at three o'clock in the afternoon; you began your embarkation at ten at night, though your squadron had not then completed its water, though you

had not emptied your magazines (a fact proved by the taking of 16,000 muskets, left behind in the establishment of Payosa, your heavy artillery, 500 horses, your clothing, and powder magazines, &c.) and though your wounded remained on the field of battle, where they fell into our hands. We cannot conceive what worse you could have done had you been beaten; but well know what you could and would have done had you been victorious, and had your statement been true. You would have maintained possession of the positions that cover Corunna; you would have employed the 17th in burying your dead, carrying off from the field of battle the bodies of your Generals, Colonels, and inferior Officers; collecting the stragglers, always numerous after an action continued until the approach of night; and in bringing in the wounded, who usually, after an engagement in the night time, scramble into farm-houses and cottages, to wait for the return of day-light. You would have embarked in the night of the 17th, if your view of the general system led you to think yourselves too weak to resist the French troops. Such would have been the result of the most petty advantage; but you have done nothing of all this. You embarked the same evening, pell-mell, and in disorder. You did not take time to evacuate your magazines, to pay the last honours to your Generals, to carry off your wounded, to save your four pieces of cannon, or to protect the retreat of the 300 men who covered your rear, and who fell into our hands in the pursuit.

GAZETTE.—“The whole of the army were embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled.”

MONITEUR.—“The expedition with which you embarked is a very equivocal proof of the success you pretend to have had in the engagement.”

GAZETTE.—“The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town, soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour.”

MONITEUR.—“In reading this account, it is easy to perceive, that it is not the production of a military man, or else that it has been submitted to the revision of some of the Clerks in Mr. Canning's office. In fact you wish to make us believe, that you maintained your position, that is, remained masters of the field of battle, and yet you tell us ‘the enemy,’ &c. What! Sir John Hope! On the 16th you obtained so brilliant a success, and yet, during the night you evacuate ‘the heights of St. Lucia, which *command the harbour*,’ upon which the French immediately erect batteries that ‘*command the harbour*,’ sink four of *your transports*, and thus give your fleet a signal to cut their *throats and put to sea*! Though an officer in the land service,

you have often embarked and disembarked troops. You must have some nautical knowledge, and you ought to have reflected that on the 17th the wind might have changed, (a very common occurrence) and had the wind changed, and your transports been forced to remain in the harbour, under the fire of the French batteries, that had already sunk four of their number, would you not have exposed yourself to reproach for having evacuated 'the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour?' In allowing that the French troops, at day-break, occupied the heights of St. Lucia, you clearly allow that you were then without retreat, and that, if not compelled to give way before a superior force, you must, of your own fault, wantonly, or without reflection, have put to hazard the fate of your army. You allege that you were victorious; the French say you were beaten. The nature of things can alone decide between you; but from the nature of things it results, that you have done the contrary of what you would have done had you been victorious, and that you have acted, in every respect, as if you had been beaten. It follows, therefore, that you have been beaten. This consequence, which you wish to dissemble, demonstratively results from all the details of your own narrative."

GAZETTE.—"Circumstances forbid us to hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army," &c.

MONITEUR.—"This is the manner in which the English people are gulled. The same manœuvre has been employed by the ministry upon all occasions, and it must be granted that it has frequently succeeded. Truth, however, will make its way; but the ministry will have gained time, the anxiety of the public will abate, and the administration, after having deceived them, will find some fresh means of diverting their attention. Heavens grant that the English may gain such a victory every month!"

GAZETTE.—"The army which entered Spain, amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources."

MONITEUR.—"So, at last, you admit that the Spanish armies are dispersed, and no longer in existence, and that you found yourselves left to your own resources! Is it the fault of the Spaniards that you made them wait so long for useless succours? Never did you fit out so powerful an expedition. You ought to thank Providence, that, at least a part of your army has been able to re-embark and effect its escape."

GAZETTE.—"The advance of the British corps from Duero afforded the best hope that the South of Spain might be relieved."

MONITEUR.—“These hopes were just as well founded as all those which the British Cabinet entertains at this moment.”

GAZETTE.—“But this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources for the destruction of the only regular force in the North of Spain.”

MONITEUR.—“Why was there not any other regular force there at the time you advanced? It was because you did not advance until the regular force of Spain was destroyed.”

GAZETTE.—“The native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous.”

MONITEUR.—“Our soldiers did not find any thing so very brilliant in the English soldiers' style of fighting; but they agree that the English Officers conducted themselves with the courage which belongs to men of honour.”

GAZETTE.—“The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties.”

MONITEUR.—“How the truth forces its way in spite of every effort to conceal it! Mr. Canning's clerk forgot to obliterate this expression of General Hope's. What an oversight! ‘The troops in the embarkation’ were ‘necessarily much mixed on board’ the transports, because the embarkation was conducted in disorder and confusion. Terror made the soldiers rush with precipitation to the boats, every one losing sight of his colours, and thinking only of his own safety. What must have been the result? That which in fact was the result—‘the troops in the embarkation were necessarily much mixed on board.’

On General Hope's estimate of killed and wounded, the MONITEUR has the following note:—

“You had 2000 wounded; you left on the field of battle the dead bodies of three of your Generals, and 800 soldiers and officers. We counted them. We took 300 of you prisoners; you did not take a single man of ours. We had not 200 men wounded, and our loss in killed did not amount to 100, among whom there was not a single officer of distinction.”

THE END.





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